the rebel entrenchments on the crest, when toward dusk it seemed to be arrested by the increasing intensity of the rebel fire, and dropped back down the hill. From the direction of Chattanooga, the center of the position of our army, we heard a tremendous roar, and saw thick clouds of white smoke rising into the air, but we did not know what it signified. It might have meant an unsuccessful attack on Missionary Ridge, like Ewing's, but on a grander scale and perhaps with more disastrous results. Thus we on the extreme left, were rather in a depressed state of mind when the shadows of evening fell and the battlefield grew more and more silent.

The great victory of Missionary Ridge was announced to us in an almost casual way. There was immediately behind my line of battle a little dilapidated negro cabin, in which our headquarter orderlies had constructed, out of planks found lying around, something like a table, with a bench on each side. There I sat down with my staff officers to " supper "—coifee, hard-tack, and, perhaps, a slice of bacon. We had hardly begun our repast when my division-surgeon dismounted outside, came in and joined the revelers. He was a somewhat monosyllabic gentleman, and gave us only a " good evening." After a while I asked him: "Where do you come from, doctor?"

"Just from Chattanooga, sir."

" Looked for medical stores, I suppose."

"Yes, sir."

" There was a tremendous noise around

there. What was it?"

"Fighting, sir."

"Fighting—where?"

" On the hillside, sir. Boys went up nicely."

"What hillside?"